

Miscellaneous.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

LETTER TO YOU, NO. 2.

March 22nd, 1850.

I am glad that winter is almost over—indeed I suppose the old tyrant has really abdicated his throne, but March, like a capricious, petulant, and forgetful child, has been so long in coming, that I sometimes forget the pleasing fact that "Spring has come." But I'm longing for sunshine and flowers, and for the warm, fragrant, life-giving air of the springing grass (there's a world of beauty in grass) to carpet with its loving green my daily path, for the sweet songs of birds and the soft summer moonlight—oh, as well as the life, for some of its tints are of the rarest kind—for the sun of the golden fruit you had so much faith would fill the apron of Dame Autumn to overflowing last year.

Your faith was some like that of Paul, who, by the way, is no mythical child, but a real brain, but a real genuine earthly angel, who sometimes cries, but looks far sweeter when his mysterious mental transformation, his mourning is turned into joy, and a smile wreathes his lips while the tears are still falling, and an inner sunshine turns the April shower of infantile grief into sparkling drops of crystal and gold. She is in thoughtful mood, quite still the other day, the unprecedented space of five minutes! Evidently some grave question of baby lore was puzzling her little three-year-old brain, and when the solution came she gave her account full benefit of her investigations by subjugating thus, "I'm sure the Lord didn't send that frost to kill all the sweet apples I like so well, for he would know better. Then after studying on that subject, like good old Philopoius once did, she finished her quest, ere by gravely informing us that 'the frost came in spite of the Lord.' Poor appreciative little thing, like older heads, she sometimes finds it difficult to reconcile the seeming mistakes in the natural world, the tracks of the wind and the weather, with the wisdom and greatness of the Creator, and yet nothing shakes this inborn faith that the All-Father is infinitely wise and good.

But I was not going to detail any of her wise sayings, I was discussing the weather—that everlasting theme of conversation when there is nothing else to talk about—that introductory theme which sometimes prefaces long quiet chats with which I have no connection; that theme which furnishes chronic fault-finders a perpetual set of complaint and fruitless reproofs, (wonder if they ever think they are finding fault with the Lord) that invisible something which we call weather, which is sometimes more than an outward physical atmosphere, for often,

"The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air, the glow of the heart and make all summer there," or its cold, leaden gray pinches weigh our spirits down, and the fire in the hearth goes out, its very embers, one by one expire, and only ashes, signifying desolation, are left. And I am tired of winter, tired of the pure cold splendor of its snow robes, the magnificence of its starry nights and frosty mornings—but some how cold is such a stern jailer; the old tyrant restrains and confines me far more than is consistent with my ideas of "personal liberty"—there are no long rambles through the fields and the forest, by the singing brook where the blue of the hidden violet seems stolen from the sapphire of the overhanging sky, or the dark of a dawn can wear any other hue than that of the queenly rose—no twilight reveries as I wait the fading tints of day as they "like the dainty in a sea of glory"—no delicious communion, with only the one who can read the new burn thought before it is uttered, when only the silent stars look down upon us in holy sympathy—to come back from the stars to this lowly mundane sphere—I've no relish for having my toes and my nose, (why not so well as nose) nipped by the invisible maddening fingers of Jack Frost; so I huddle over the fire and like the drowsy caterpillar in his silken winding sheet, (a fashionable fellow, and about as useful as some other individuals of the same species who are shrouded in earth and entombed in marble, but whose order of development brings the butterfly stage first, and vice versa) dream purple pictures of my future wings! Not wings, either; but of the sweet wooings of the April breeze, the irresistible invitations of the golden May, that shall far as terrestrial locomotion is concerned, be wings to my feet, and bear me sometimes away from the darkened lands of care, and balm my spirit in the sweet dreamy bliss of sunshine and forgetfulness—forgetfulness of the outward, of toil and its accompaniments, while through some hidden, and mysterious portal of the soul, there shall flow into my inner being, a new consciousness and a new life.

There is a something akin to a resurrection in the coming of Spring, and its influence upon the heart is scarcely less life giving than the caress of the May day sun upon the soil. A host of sweet fancies that we thought were buried years ago beneath the accumulated rubbish of this work day life, spring up within the hidden recesses of the heart, just as the wild flowers obey the creative impulse of the sun and the shower, and we feel a returning consciousness of youth born anew with us. Not indeed the wild sportive mirth of early childhood, that buds a fitting echo in childhood's ringing laughter; but a silent, delicious sense of immortality; a semi-prophecy of the endless future, which to our birthright, a feeling that is far sweeter, far holier than mirth, abides in mingled with a vague dreamy sadness and unrest, a wild longing for the presence of the loved and lost, whose hands long ago parted clasp from ours, and who are "wandering in the distance still." We know they are waiting our coming beyond the veil—we feel they are beckoning to us from the sunny hills of a land where Spring never relapses into winter, and sometimes when the earthly gains a mastery over the spiritual, we wonder why they come not back on their starry wings to gladden earth with their presence, and bring to those who loved, yea worshipped them, the sunshine of their pure and holy love.

Meaner things than man seem to have a resurrection, a second life here; myriads of plants that awaken in a bound's breadth of sunbeams, seem to awaken from a dreamlike slumber, and to flutter uselessly while in the full enjoyment of that priceless boon a new life. Even now one solitary fly, my companion and tormentor, I dare say, during the sultry days of last August, is buzzing around my room in the ecstasy of what is to him a new life. Now he has sought my acquaintance by alighting on my paper, and the twisted rays of light that are reflected from the gauzy surface of his wings show as many hues as the rainbow. He is visible, too, and his monotonous buzz lacks not a lowly element of harmony, but he imparts not to me the slightest hint of his whereabouts during his long absence, or of his sudden and mysterious return. And yet he has been dead, or seemed to be, and now rejoices in a renewal of his old powers. And of a spring evening, all the woods are vocal with the ministry of myriads of reptiles that we spurn from our path; and they, too, are loudly rejoicing in what is, to them, a resurrection, and from the vast tomb of a dead vegetation, cometh up leaf, bud and blossom, gifted with conscious life and vitality, and each tiny flower-bud or spire of grass seem to

sing his long absence, or of his sudden and mysterious return. And yet he has been dead, or seemed to be, and now rejoices in a renewal of his old powers. And of a spring evening, all the woods are vocal with the ministry of myriads of reptiles that we spurn from our path; and they, too, are loudly rejoicing in what is, to them, a resurrection, and from the vast tomb of a dead vegetation, cometh up leaf, bud and blossom, gifted with conscious life and vitality, and each tiny flower-bud or spire of grass seem to

"Enjoy the air it breathes"

But man, the noblest work of God, for him Earth has no resurrection. Our friends, our loved ones, the cherished darlings of our homes, go forth alone and unattended on their visionless journey, and they come not again. They are free from the toil, the care, the disagreeable, the sorrow and anxiety of mortals; they have put off the burden of mortality, the fetter of clay, and can never wear its chain again. Earth, beautiful as the All-Father has made it, attracts them not in the new life in which they exultingly rejoice, and they live not among its fading bowers, its typical beauties, unless perchance upon some mission of love, they linger on yonder plain to woo us away from the wilderness which we are so busy, and which are so vain.

May be, when we yield to the soft delicious influence of the spring time, and sometimes fancy that we do feel the first faint flutterings of our own hidden wings, and long to soar away from the petty cares that fetter us, and keep the upspringing spirit bound when we would be free, when we resolve to be better in word, thought and deed, to be something more than a self-regulating machine for the performance of our daily labors, to do something worthy of the grandeur of our glorious destiny, instead of letting all that is best in us perish within rust-out in a forced inaction; may be this is but the pure prompting they bring us who were once with us in the flesh and still present in spirit to buoy us up on their angelic pinions into a higher atmosphere, and to exult with them in a "paradise of life," even while we linger in this bright vestibule of the Unseen. May be, they are angels unto whom "charge is given" to bear us up lest at any time our feet should dash against a stone.

Are they not near when sorrow, unrequited, yield up life's treasures unto him who give?

When martyrs, all things for his sake resigning, lead on the march of death, serenely brave?

Sweet is this inner consciousness of immortality—this dim, shadowy remembrance of an eternity behind, whose joys have been ours, and whose memories faintly linger within, and sometimes thrill us with strange mysterious power, as they come flooding back from some unknown source, vague, broken, and fragmentary, yet bright and beautiful, and sweet still is the strange something, for which I have no name and can hardly describe—the full certainty of a present life, distinct and separate from the physique of a life whose "only love" is not earthly and perishable, of wants and needs for which earth in her outward forms, has to supply even, though her highest forms, beauty and grandeur seem gifted with a soul and are veiled with intelligence, and each leaf, bud and blossom presents no unmeaning page to our inner eye. And sometimes the veil seems so thin that it hides the Unseen from our longing eyes, and through its gauzy curtains there comes into our souls a light immortal, and music that is not of earth holds the listening spirit entranced by its melody, and we know of a surety that we are silently walking upon the borders of the Unseen land, and that its mysteries are all around and within us, and we exult in the glorious consciousness, that though suns and systems may pass away

"The soul immortal as its sire"

Shall never know decay."

CELESTIA R. COLBY.

A BARGAIN.

BY SARAH A. BOYCE.

[The following is taken from a beautiful volume entitled "Poets of Vermont."]
Going! going! going!
Who bids for the little girl's care?
Who bids for the two blue eyes?
Her skin is fair, and her hair is brown
Is golden as a curl!

The mother clasped her babe
With an arm that love made strong;
She heaved no sigh, but her burning eye
Told of the spirit's wrong.
She gazed on the beauteous crowd,
But no pitying glance she saw,
For the crushing weight her soul must know
Was evidenced by the law.

"Going! gentlemen! going!
For quite a worth your time;
There's a bargain to be gained,
This chubby thing will one day bring
A pile of yellow gold!"
"A dollar a pound," cries a voice
Hastily from out the throng;
"Two! Three! Four!" it calls, and the hammer
falls!

"Five dollars, gentlemen, gone!"
Five dollars a pound! and his hand,
Just stretched to grasp the child,
Is snatched away by the giant weight
Of the machine's power.
One moment, and the loaded whip
Is poised above her head.
Then down, down it came on her helpless frame,
Like a crushing weight of lead.

With a tightening grasp on her kidnapped child
She fails to the cold, damp ground;
And the baby is laid on the scales and weighed,
And sold for five dollars a pound!
And the eye of the sun looks down
Unmurmured on such scenes of sin;
And the freeman's tongue must be obtained and dumb,
Though his spirit burn within.

O God! for a million tongues
To thunder Freedom's name,
And to utter a cry which should pierce the sky,
The indignant cry of shame!
Our Eagle's talons are red
With the reeking blood of the slave,
And he kindly lings his protecting wings
Over the sight of Freedom's grave!
How long, O Lord! how long!
Awake in thy mercy and might,
And hasten the day which shall open the way
Of Truth, and Justice, and Right!

There are some who write, talk, and think
So much about vice and virtue, that they have no
time to practice either the one or the other.

MARRIED WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The bill to which we adverted while pending in the legislature, has now passed both Houses, and is only the Governor's signature to become a law. Its purpose is an eminently just and beneficent one—that of preventing the wife from being robbed of her earnings and property by the rapacity, neglect or mistreatment of her husband. It protects all married women, but the protection is of most essential consequence to poor women who have heretofore had the burden of maintaining themselves and their children thrown upon them, and were yet liable to have their hard earnings snatched by an idle or worthless husband from their grasp.

It will, perhaps, be looked upon by some as a dangerous innovation upon the old English Common Law, which merged the wife's property, and moved her legal existence, in that of the husband. But it is not a novel experiment. It is the conclusion of a series of experiments, all of which have worked well, and which have marked the gradual progress from the traditions of feudal times towards ideas more consonant with a more enlightened period. Although New York in this matter is in advance of her sister States, and of England, whence the main body of our legal usage is derived, we expect at no very distant day to see her example imitated in this as in other legal reforms.

The following is the law:

SECTION 1. The property, both real and personal, which any woman now owns as her sole and separate property which comes to her by descent, bequest, legacy, gift or grant, that which she acquires by her trade, business, labor or services, carried on or performed on her sole and separate account, that which a woman married in this State at the time of her marriage, and has not received, and proceeds of all such property shall, notwithstanding her marriage, be and remain her sole and separate property, and may be used, disposed of and conveyed by her in her own name, and shall not be subject to the control or disposal of her husband, or liable for his debts, except such debts as may have been contracted for the support of herself or her children by her as his agent.

SECTION 2. A married woman may bargain, sell, assign and transfer her separate personal property, and carry on any trade or business, and perform any labor or services on her sole and separate account, and the earnings of any married woman, from her trade, business, labor or services, shall be her sole and separate property, and may be used and conveyed by her in her own name.

SECTION 3. Any married woman possessed of real estate as her separate property, may bargain, sell and convey such property, and enter into any contract in reference to the same, but no such conveyance or contract shall be valid without the assent, in writing, of her husband, except as hereinafter provided.

SECTION 4. In case any married woman possess of separate real property, as aforesaid, may desire to sell or convey the same, or to make any contract in relation thereto, and shall be unable to procure the assent of her husband, as in the preceding section provided, in consequence of his refusal, absence, insanity, or disability, such married woman may apply to the county court in the county where she shall at the time reside, for leave to make such sale, conveyance or contract, without the assent of her husband.

SECTION 5. Such application may be made by petition, verified by her, and setting forth the grounds of such application. If the husband be a resident of the county, and not under disability, from insanity or other cause, a copy of said petition shall be served upon him, with a notice of the time when the same will be presented to the said court, at least ten days before such application; in all other cases, the county court to which such application shall be made, shall, in its discretion, determine whether any notice shall be given, and, if any, the mode and manner of giving it.

SECTION 6. If it shall satisfactorily appear to such court, upon such application, that the husband of such applicant has wilfully abandoned her, and she has been separated from him, or that he is insane, or imprisoned as a convict in any State prison, or that he is an habitual drunkard, or that he has in any way deserted from making a contract or that he refuses to give his consent without good cause therefor, then such court shall cause an order to be entered upon its records, authorizing such married woman to sell and convey her real estate, or contract in regard thereto, without the assent of her husband, with the same effect as though such conveyance or contract had been made with his assent.

SECTION 7. Any married woman may, while married, sue and be sued in any court having jurisdiction over her property, which may be her sole and separate property, or which may hereafter come to her by descent, bequest, legacy, or gift of any person except her husband, in the same manner as if she were sole. Any married woman may bring and maintain an action in her own name for damages against any person or body corporate for any injury to her person and character, in the same manner as if she were sole, and the money received upon the settlement of any such action, or recovered upon a judgment, shall be her sole and separate property.

SECTION 8. No bargain or contract made by any married woman in respect to her sole and separate property, or any property which may hereafter come to her by descent, bequest, legacy, or gift of any person except her husband, and no bargain or contract entered into by any married woman in or about the carrying on of any trade or business, under the statute of this State, shall be binding upon her husband, or render him or his property in any way liable therefor.

SECTION 9. Every married woman is hereby constituted and declared to be the joint guardian of her children, with her husband, with equal powers, rights and duties in regard to them, with her husband.

SECTION 10. At the decease of husband or wife, leaving no minor child or children, the survivor shall hold, possess and enjoy a life-estate in one-third of all the real estate of which the husband or wife died seized.

SECTION 11. At the decease of the husband or wife intestate, leaving child or children, the survivor shall hold, possess or enjoy all the real estate of which the husband or wife died seized, and all the rents, issues and profits thereof, during the minority of the youngest child, and one-third thereof during his or her natural life.

"Boss, I want twenty-five cents," said a poor printer to his employer.

"Twenty-five cents? How soon do you want it, Jake?"

"Next Tuesday!"

"So soon as that? You can't have it! I told you often that when you are in want of so large a sum of money, you must give at least four weeks notice!"

OUR FOREMOTHERS.

Some good natured wag, zealous for the honor of womanhood, has given utterance to the following tribute to his ancestry, on the female side. It is well done, and well worth the reading.

We hear enough about our forefathers. They were nice old fellows, no doubt. Good to work with, or fight. Very well. But where are their companions, their "chums" who, as their helpmates urged them along? Who worked and delved for our forefathers, brushed up their old clothes, and patched their breeches? Who almost involved themselves for the cause of liberty? Who nursed our forefathers when sick—sung Yankee Doodle to the babes—who trained up their boys? Our foremothers!

Who landed at Jamestown, and came over in the Mayflower, and established the other early settlements? Were there not any women among them? One would think not. Our Yankee neighbors, especially, make a powerful talk about the Pilgrim Fathers, who squatted upon Plymouth, and there is a great ado made over it every time they wish to get up a little enthusiasm on liberty, and refresh themselves with crowing over freedom; and the chivalry of Virginia are not a whit behind them, when they take a notion to vaunt themselves upon the glory and greatness of the Old Dominion; and our stout Pennsylvania Quakers, too, like to plume themselves rily upon the merits and doings of William Penn, and his associates; but with all the blarney so plentifully distributed on all sides, what do we hear or gather about our foremothers? Didn't they encounter perils and hardships? And, after all, didn't they, with their kind hearts, sustain the flagging spirits of their male companions?

Who ushered us into the world—our first fathers? Bah! No, indeed, it was our foremothers. Who nursed George Washington, Anthony Wayne, Ben Franklin, Israel Putnam, and a host of other heroes whose names will live forever, and taught them to be men and patriots? Didn't our foremothers? And who gives them the credit they deserve? Nobody.

We have our monuments commemorating, and our speeches, our songs, our toasts, and our public dinners, celebrating the wonderful deeds of our forefathers, but where are those in honor of our foremothers? We have better be getting them ready. We talk ourselves hoarse, and write ourselves round shouldered, while belling over with enthusiasm at the nice things our forefathers did, and yet nothing is said of our foremothers, to whom many a virtuous act and brave deed may be ascribed, such as any hero would be proud to own.

We wish not to detract. All hail to the noble old men, our forefathers, say we. May the glory of their deeds never be lost; but the good book tells us to "render unto Caesar," and we wish to speak a word in season for women, generally, and, especially, for our noble and self-sacrificing foremothers, lest time and the one-sided page of history shall blot them forever from our memories.

A WESTERN ART-CRITICISM.

A Correspondent of the Buffalo Courier narrates the following shrewd criticism passed by a rough Western man, on the Prairie Picture.

A few mornings ago, as I was standing admiring—as I confess myself quite fond of doing—that beautiful deer group, a tall unmistakably Western man came up behind me, and looked over my shoulder. I noticed at once the quick stoppage of breathing; but to my surprise, the stop was short, and something like a laugh quickly succeeded. Looking up I saw a yellow face overhanging with a smile, and there was a decided twinkle in the eye.

"Pshaw!" said he, "that's no picture, after all. That ain't no fair representation."

"Why," said I, "that struck me as being a very good painting."

"Maybe it's good enough for a painting," said the Western man, "I don't say anything against that; but there never was no scene chased like it. Just look at that tall tree grass up there and then the ferns below—when ever saw them grow together? Why, the one grows on wet and the other on dry land. But that's pretty well and he continued, 'and just see them deer's feet, how clean they be. They ought to be mud up to their knees; and at the gait they're going at, they'd be spotted with mud all over. I tell you, when I went to that country first, the men skinned me sometimes driving their wagons on to a wet prairie, they'd tell me it was all right, and sure enough, I would find a good button a time down. Then the next thing I know'd they would be giving a pretty wide berth to a place that looked, at first sight, exactly like the other; and I soon found an easy way to tell was by the grasses!'"

"If any o' ye know that painter chap," said the unconsciously keen critic, as he prepared to move off, "just tell him—but it's no use," he said lowering his voice, "that's a good enough city practice!"

SHALL CREATURES.—Among the papers published in this city, by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is one of the microscopic plants and animals, which live on and in the human body. It describes quite a number of insects.

I am sure he produces the disease called "itch," is illustrated by an engraving about half an inch in diameter, which shows not only the ugly little fellow's body and legs, but his very toes, although the animal himself is entirely invisible to the naked eye. When Lieut. Berrysman was rounding the ocean, preparatory to laying the Atlantic Telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding-line brought up a mud which, on being dried, became a powder so fine that, on rubbing it in the crevices of the skin, it disappeared to the crevices of the microscope, it was described to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had been the abode of a living animal. These have been sinking down through the water to the bottom, and no doubt form, in the course of ages, an extensive range of either silicious or limestone strata. This process is similar to the one by which stratified rocks were formed in ancient geologic periods.

A FENNY MESSAGE.—The following message was handed into the telegraph office "once on a time."—"To—Third Estate of John, 13th and 14th verses. Signed—'" By reference to the text, it will be seen that there is quite a respectable letter contained in the verses designated, and a small amount of money saved, viz:—"I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write to thee. But I trust I shall shortly see thee and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee. Greet the friends by name."

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum payable in advance.

Communications intended for insertion, or addressed to Benjamin S. Jones, Editor, or addressed to ANN PARSONS, Publishing Agent, Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio.

Money carefully enveloped and directed as above, may be sent by mail at our risk.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of Anti-Slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square (10 lines) three weeks, : : : \$1.00
" " Each additional insertion, : : : .25
" " Six months, : : : : : 4.00
" " One year, : : : : : 6.00
Two Squares six months, : : : : : 8.00
" " One year, : : : : : 12.00
One Fourth Column one year, with privilege of changing monthly, : : : 12.00
Half Column, changing monthly, : : : 20.00
Cards not exceeding eight lines will be inserted one year for \$3.00; six months, \$2.00.
J. HUDSON, PRINTER.

George W. Manley,

AM BROTYP

AND PHOTOGRAPH ARTIST,

SCHILLINGS' BLOCK, MAIN STREET,

SALEM, OHIO.

Salem, June 23, 1850.

J. Heaton,

OF THE

"SALEM EXCHANGE,"

Is now in receipt of a FULL STOCK of

FALL & WINTER GOODS:

Everything in the line of Dress Goods—Fashion-

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Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbons,
Rich Plumes,
Dress Trimmings,
Skirting, Celebrated Skeg-ton Skirts, Corsets, Buckskin Gaiters, and a large assortment of Fall & Winter Shawls, Very Large Assortment Bro-

che Shawls, also, a Heavy Stock Domes-tic Muslin from 6 cts to 12 cts. Ho-o-s-e-ing Gowns and Car-Cloths, and Cashmeres, Clothing Ready-Made and Made to Order; S-h-o-e-s, H-a-t-s, S-h-i-r-t-s, C-a-p-s, L-e-a-t-h-e-r, Q-u-e-n-s-w-a-r-e, G-r-a-p-e-s, and H-a-r-d-w-a-r-e.

WANTED:—Any quantity of Butter and Eggs, for which the highest cash price will be paid; also, Hides, Wool, Pelts and Dried Apples.

Salem, Nov. 5, 1850.

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SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

IMPROVED STATIONARY AND PORTABLE

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Improved Circular Saw-Mills and Mill-Gearing of all descriptions. Machinery Tools for all purposes. Gear Cutting done to order on New and Improved Principles. A good assortment of Superior Rubber Belting for sale at the lowest cash prices.

Particular attention given to the construction of Machinery for Flouring Mills—both Steam and Water.

We have provided ourselves with a Gearing-up Machine, which enables us to cut gearing 64 feet in diameter, and under, and 10 inch face, and under, also to fill cogs wheels and dress the teeth with the same machine, which insures accuracy and uniformity in the teeth. Dressing cogs in this way is less expensive and more accurate than doing it by hand. We will warrant our gearing to run almost as still and smooth as bells.

Cash paid for old Iron, Copper and Brass.

May 14, 1850—17.

BROADWAY

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SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

[SIGN OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.]

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N. B.—We have opened a House at

ALLIANCE, STARK COUNTY, OHIO,

in the new and elegant store-room, west end of the Backs House, where Goods can be bought at the same low rates as at our house in Salem.

We thank the Public for their past liberal patronage and shall use every exertion to merit its continuance and increase.

H. WEEKS & CO.,

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May 14, 1850.

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BLANK DEEDS, Mortgages, Judgment

Notes, Executions and Summons for sale at

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Enquire of ISAAC TRESCOTT,

Salem, Oct. 1, 1850.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

BEGINNING OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

In a coming the control of the Atlantic Monthly, its new proprietors deem it scarcely needful to spend many words in assurances or promises. The congratulations and good wishes they have received from all parts of the country seem to justify them in the confidence that their own character as publishers will be accepted by the numerous readers and friends of the Magazine as a warrant that they will do everything in their power to increase its interest, to enlarge its circle of attraction, and to raise its standard of ability in all departments.

They think it proper to say, simply, that the change will be made in the general character of the magazine; that all the writers whose contributions have established it in the popular favor will continue to make it their medium of communication with the public; and that the relations of the publishers with authors on both sides the Atlantic will enable them to add materially to the variety, interest, and value of its pages.

The Atlantic has never been, and will never be, a sectional journal. Its publishers acknowledge no parallel of latitude in the Republic of Letters; and, while they will judge of any article offered them, not by the source whence it comes, but by its own intrinsic worth, they will at the same time endeavor to maintain its character as a periodical in which earnest thinkers may find expression, unhampered by fear of that narrow conservatism which would fain establish it.

Terms.—Three Dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, prepaid. Subscriptions may begin with either the first or any subsequent number. The postage of the Atlantic is thirty-six cents a year, if prepaid.

The pages of the Atlantic are stereotyped, and back numbers can be supplied.

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